

1484 m7 1-15
WIGORNIA,
(Worcester.)

A
P O E M.



By HERBERT WALWYN.

L O N D O N;
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W I G O R N I A

A P O E M.

Nigh where ^a *Sabrina* sweeps her Silver Train,
 And wears her liquid Path along a ^b Plain,
 Stands *WIGORN*; hast'ning unto whose Embrace
 She forwards with a Willing Lover's pace :
 Swelling her Breasts, her spacious Bosom fair,
 Full fraught with Love she spends enjoying there.
 The Noble ^c *Clee* her breast with Passion fires,
 Which here breaks out, and in bright Flames expires ;
 But her exhaustless Vigor still returns,
 For ever kindles, and for ever burns :
 For here the Goddess leaves her Household Streams,
 To come ashore, and puts on all her beams :
 Then with Maternal look surveys the Shire,
 And where she sees it wanting, *Blazes* there.
 Meadows with Grass she cloaths, with Wool the Fold,
 And with both Cloath and Fire expels the Cold :
Cloath

^a A Royal Lady of that Name thrown into the River, and from whom it had its denomination.

^b A large Meadow call'd *Pitchcraft*.

^c A Hill, whence vast quantities of Coals are brought down the *Severn* to *Worcester*, and supplies all the County at cheapest Rates.

Cloath which the Ambitious *Sultan* begs to wear,
 And his best part of Majesty has here ;
 And Fire, which had *Prometheus* but knew,
 He had forbore his Theft, and 'scap'd the Vengeance too.

Rocks have oblig'd the ^d *Good* with Streams before,
 But here a *Stream* with *Rocks* obliges more :
 'Tis the same Hand is working for *them* Yet,
 He from ^e *Plinlimon* Mount the River fet,
 Then tam'd its unback'd force with loads of *Jet*.
Peter, that on a Floor of Water trod ^f,
 And kneeling on the *Mercy*, thank'd his *God*,
 Might here with Steps more sure, but Thanks as due,
 Trust his own Feet, and Praise his *Saviour* too.

Dolphins, who as the Ship-wreck'd Sea-men say,
 On their kind Backs them to safe Land convey,
 Are here by better Natur'd ^g *Fish* outdone,
 That Danger to prevent, ashore do run.
 That harmless *Other*, whose mischievous make
 Excites Revenge, by being like a Snake,
 Strips off his slime, and comes a willing Prey,
 With him his elder Brother *Lamprey* ;
 These, and innumerable other *Fish*,
 Sing in their *Pans*, for Joy they have their Wish.

Thrice happy *Worster*, thy Felicity
 Is perfected by added Constancy ;

Yoaked

^d *Exod.* 17. 6.

^e *Matth.* 14. 29, 30.

^f A Hill in *Montgomery-shire*, where the River *Severn* has its rise.

^g *Salmons.*

Yoaked by thy Bridge flung o're her spreading Tyde,
 Thou hast her ever fasten'd by thy side.
 But Thou as conscious of thy ^h Ancient Birth,
 And recollecting Yet thy Native Worth,
 Think'st still of *Cæsar*, not as dead but come,
 With his Transported Empire here from *Rome* :
William is *Cæsar* with a Christian Name,
 So thou besides a Christian art the same :
 Therefore receivest Tribute in his right,
 Won by his Sword in the fam'd ⁱ *British* Fight.

But thou hast doft the fullen looks of War,
 And left the *Mercian* ^k Realm to *Cæsar's* Care :
 Thy Armor's needless now thy Master's here,
 Thy *Master* that does the Old ^l Motto wear.

Churches are all the *Forts* thou usest now,
 And those well lin'd with *mounted* Cannon too :
 Terrors of *Vice*, if mannag'd but aright,
 And not turn'd back upon thee in the Fight.
 This is the talk'd of Heavenly Temper'd *Shield*,
 Which thy divine *Achilles* knows to weild.

Sexuulphus ^m Piety does here appear,
 Like his Mind great, his Judgment regular ;

B

No

^h Built by the *Romans*.
 the *Welch*.
 of its own.
 of the Cathedral.

ⁱ Which they fortify'd, and made their Frontier against
^k Heretofore a distinct Kingdom, by that Name, with Princes
^l *Veni, Vidi, Vici*.
^m First Bishop of *Worster*, and Founder

No *Novice* ; Colleges my thinks should be,
 Like ⁿ Bishops from that Imputation free.
 Th' *Apostle's* Rule at least is follow'd here,
 Altho' neglected by himself ^o elsewhere.

What time (and Time do's much to Words, and Works,
 To *English* Preachers, and to *English* Kirks)
 Did raze and alter, fresher times took care,
 And (Piety renew'd) did new repair.
 Not but the *Holy Man* was sometimes blam'd,
 That it was not to please all Humours fram'd ;
 Like *Nexer's* Statue, *Gold*, and *Brass*, and *Clay* ;
 But then alas 't had Headless been, some day
 The trait'rous Head would 'a look'd the wrong way. }

Remember'd Years have seen an Hostile Rout
 Pull of her *Roof*, and tear her ^p *Bowels* out :
 As if 'twere not enough the World should see,
 And senseless of God's Omnipresency,
 Let in Wide Heav'n th' Impiety to View,
 Defieing both th' *One* and th' *Other* too.
 The Churchs Leads they into Bullets form'd,
 And vainly thought they then had God disarm'd :
 In Magazines of *Life* they chose out *Death*,
 So some Men suck the *Plague* in with their Breath ;

Heaven

ⁿ 1 *Timothy* 3, & 6.

^o Alluding to *St. Pauls* in *London*, new Building.

^p In the last Civil War, its Leads and Organs were took away.

Heaven saw the Challenge, and the Church to skreen,
 The whilst his Vengeance heated, stood between
Ruin and it ; then Pour'd his Vials forth,
 And Force repaid with Force, and ^a Wrath with Wrath :
 Instructed *Ire* the Seeds of Discord sweep
 From every Party to one common heap ;
 Then burnt it up, the *Asbes* cur'd the Wound,
 By divine Art apply'd the Church made sound.

Here *Arthur* [wisest ^r *Henry's* wiser Son]
 Did from a *Crown* to Sanctuary run,
 And tired with State-noise here laid him down,
 And was in Life and Death the next a ^r *Crown*.

The *Palace* next, the *Bishops* long abode,
 Stands *with an humble Boldness* near its God :
 A Place 'twas sure by Providence design'd
 For the just Medium of a Prelate's Mind :
^r Between the two extreams of Cold, and Heat,
 The *Atheists* chillness, and the *Zealots* sweat.
One side, the *Palace* looks into the flood,
 The *other* is by the Cathedral view'd :
 That side, the *Severn* stands as 'twere at Bay,
 Viewing the Place, unmindfull of its way,
 Holding her Mirrour for who dares to look,
 And read the impartial Story of her Book.

I

^a Alluding to the violent Deaths of the Chief Fomenters of that War on both sides.
^r King *Henry* the 7th, ^r King *John* there also Buryed. ^r Between the Col-
 ledge and the *Severn*.

I did, and to my thinking plain was seen
 Th' impression where the Palace had been in.
 The Stream was deep, and the House safe on Ground,
 I Chid my *Sight*, and said it would 'a drown'd
 Had it been there ; at which *Sabrina* smil'd,
 And after Invocation answer'd mild :
 " What thou seest [Son] ingrav'd upon my Breast,
 " Is *Figure*, and as such is there express'd.
 I answer'd not the *Oracle*, but bow'd,
 And the fair Shape sunk down beneath her flood ;
 Yet as she went, my thought she would have said,
 " Put up thy Pious Anger, spare the Dead.
 This Prohibition seal'd up all but thought,
 And a deep Sigh or two I strait-way fetcht ;
 And then I thank'd my God, and thank'd the King,
 That took the one, and did the other bring.

More to the Left, in the same Neighbourhood,
 Stands the round Mount whereon the " *Castle* stood, }
 That with stern disregard did there intrude.
 But as the *Giants* felt the dreadful Odds,
 When their Height thought to overtop the Gods,
 This greater Son of *Earth* with the same Hope,
 Making the Church his *Foe*, and not his *Prop*, }
 Lower'd to destruction his presuming Top.

Here

" Built by a Sheriff or Governour of the City, in despite of, and to Command and Terrifie the Clergy, oft times burnt down, and Ages ago utterly ruin'd.

* Here every *Virtue* has her several Seat,
 Each to her Quality becoming great :
 Religion *Temples*, Justice has her *Hall*,
 And * Charity the biggest of them all.

The Streets are wide and open as their Hearts,
 Breathing out Kindness to the Neighb'ring Parts,
 In all the Forms of Industry and Arts.

Oh would but Fate proportion to their Loom
 The Threds of Life, then Death would never come,
 And *Worster* would adjourn the Day of Doom.

The plyant Wool drawn by ten thousand Hands,
 To length scarce finite, would out-reach the Spans
 Of Life, tho' tyed in one throughout all Times and Lands.

But since the *Sisters* will use their own *make*,
 Purposely brittle, and so apt to break ;
 So cautious and wary is the Town,
 They piece it up, and Weave it with their * own ;
 That Fate to come at *one*, must break thro' *both*,
 And e're it takes their *Lives* must Spoyl their *Cloath*.

This Natural as their Skins the *English* wear,
 And all true Sterling Cloath is minted here.

C

What

* The City.

* 1 Cor. 13. 13.

* Alluding to their great Cloathing Trade.

What Wonders should be spoke, that do reside
 Within the circuit of thy Province wide :
 Nature with varied hand does draw Delight
 To all Perception ; Smell, and Taſt, and Sight ;
 Sinks into Rivers, riſes up in Height :
 And then agen lays down her ſelf in Plains,
 Painted with Flowers, and Squar'd with different Grains,
 Hemm'd in with Hedges ; Pleaſure mixt with Uſe,
 And the well taſted Orchard's Cheering Juice ;
 Potable Fruit it bears, Wine in the Ore,
 The Trees themſelves for Drink have ſcarce the Power
 To ſtand, 'till like a *Fountain* from the Boughs
 The ruptur'd Fruit their Chryſtal Liquor throws ;
 Theſe having once their proper Season bled,
 Agen the reeling Tree erects his Nodding Head.

Here Fleecy People grazeing common Herbs,
Yonder Pied Goats on Cliffs a browzing Shrubs ;
There goes the Bull, the Regent of the Mead,
 Thwart his Dominion, with Dictating Head ;
 The' Obſequious Herd to make him way divide,
 Then joyn in the Proceſſion of his Pride.

The Apoſtolick ^z Art here's perfected,
 And their days toyl would here have better ſped.

The

^z Fiſhing.

The *Severn*, *Avon*, *Salwerp*, *Teame*, and *Stour*,
 And silent *Lorn*, with all their Watry Store,
 Would not have broke their Netts, but fill'd them more. }
 Catchers of *Fish*, or *Men*, they had had Sport,
 And might to Burroughs, or to Streams resort;
 Or both at once, or *Either* found in Both,
Fish took in Towns, or *Men* from Rivers forth:
These swim like Fish the Navigated Stream,
 And in the Market *those* do Trade like *them*.

Bewdley for Beauty, *Kidderminster* Trade,
Bromsgrove a place of endless ^a Honour made;
Tenbury, and much esteemed *Ham*,
 A Castle once, but now a better ^b Name:
Upton, then *Evisham*, the Countys ^c Loaf,
 Which every Hand is daily cutting of,
 But can't diminish; Wonder joyns to which,
 As next in Usefulness, *all* seasoning ^d *Wich*.
 Here springs of Liquid Salt to Dust they Boil,
There the Neat Dames are sifting Flow'r the while:
 At *Wick* the Damsels ply the froathing Cream,
 With quick repeated strokes, then bring to *them*

Their

^a Seat of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*.
Esom serves the whole Town and Shire with Corn, being Coveted both for Seed and present Use.

^b Seat of the *Jefferys*.

^c The Vale of

^d *Droitwich*.

Their well made Pounds ; then mingled in a Trough,
 Soon comes to Life the kind fermenting Dough,
 That Travels on Lifes errand too and fro.

^e *Powick* made famous by a King's defeat,
 That Purchas'd there a *just* Surname of *Great*,
 But after such a Way that *Powick* ^f blushes Yet.
 Hence *Charles* was sent to ^g *Roost*, the *Scots* to Death,
 For Gabbleing wrong our *English Shibboleth* :
 On the fought Field a ^h Monument there stands,
 They say of *Him*, with ever-flying Fanes,
 Yet tho' it always runs, it always stands.

Newland, if thou art by my Song forgot,
 Let my Voice cease, and Death disperse my Thought :
 Thy Solemn Prospect, and thy Widow'd House,
 Can I forget ? could *Judab's* People choose
 But think on *Jebus* by *Upbrates* Tide ?
 They could not ; of Lov'd *Jebus* still they sigh'd.

Grief does conduct me hence to *Aldwin's* ⁱ Cell,
 Under the Amazing Structure of a ^k Hill,

Which

^e *Powick*, on a rising Ground overlooking *Worcester* and *Wickfield* [Fight.]

^f Cover'd with Cherry Orchards.

^g The Royal Oak.

^h A Wind-Mill.

ⁱ The Abby of great *Malvern*, built by one *Aldwin* a Hermit.

^k *Malvern-hill*.

Which Nature did with through paced Labor rear,
 And for Materials level'd half the Shire,
 As if she meant it for the World's Frontier :
 For so It seems, and so the *Hermit* thought,
 When weary to the Foot of it he got ;
 Farewel Mankind, and Farewel World, he said,
 Then up the Hill to *Heaven* he lift his Head,
 With thanks that by *Its* guidance he had now
 Pass'd the dull Journey of a Mortal through.
Which heard (for grateful Prayers' run up a pace,
 And the Hill-top is very near the Place)
 With Pity all the hearty Words he spake,
 And took him e're he found out his Mistake.

*Here Aldwin, and thy almost Name-sake, rest :
 Sometime I'll tell ye that your Choyce was best.*

And now of *Worster*, Muse, break off thy Song,
 Its Argument's too heavy for my Tongue,
 To weild in Words, and legible its Fame,
 In Characters too bigg for thee to Name.
 Of *Sommers* what canst say, and *Stillingfleet*,
 Where is thy Parallel, thy Epithet ?

Inferst thou ought from ¹ *Esom's* Coronet ?
 A fruitful Chaplet 'tis, compos'd of Wheat,
 The Staff of Life, is He the same of State ?
 He is thou say'st, th' Inscription shall be that.
 This was the Bishop's ^m Blessing on his Head,
 The Holy Oyl could not in vain be shed ;
Saul did Storm high, but God restrain'd his Power,
 Th' outrageous Billows did *himself* devour,
 But the same Waves brought *David* to the Shore.

Between the Principles of Corporal things
 Is Enmity, whence Agitation Springs :
 For *Nature* with her self contending force,
 Gives all her compound *Births* their destin'd course.
 Hence Planetary Bodies know their Stage ;
 Brutes take up Instincts, Men run on to Age,
 Where *Cold* and *Earth* prevailing, ends their Rage.
ⁿ *Thine* sure's the Nice Punctillio where they Fight
 In their Originals. Fate took delight
 To temper *thee*, and held his Scales aright :

So

¹ *L^d Somers*, Baron of *Evisham*, Lord High Chancellor, and one of the Lords Justices of *England*.
^m The Bishops tryed in the late Reign, for whom his Lordship was
ⁿ Of the Place in general.

So pure thy Soyl, so moderate thy Clime,
 Thy Nature seems but in her Youth and Prime,
 Nor moans (as elsewhere) of th' Abuse of *Time* :
 Nor in the Circle of his Antient Arms
 Withers, but leads him on by force of Charms
 Round all his Seasons : Hence thy Men so Free,
 So Upright, and so turn on Curtesie :
 Thou 'rt influenc'd by Heaven, and They by Thee.

F I N I S.
